Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuite, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.
The. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyſe?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Th. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their hornes.
Shout within, they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake)
And now I do bethinke me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eie,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I bethroth'd, ere I ſee *Hermia*,
But like a ſickneſſe, did I loathe this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
Theſ. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe, we will heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will;